fragrant nosegay, he told for the twentieth time the tale demanded. It made a pretty picture, and a tender one withal—this of the

old fighter, surrounded by his flower-lader grandchildren, recalling times of storm and

stress, while he lovingly decked the grave-

great dark eyes and clothing that was ever

stones of comrades and kin. Ma

A 75c A \$2 Par-14 inch lor Lamp Lamp for \$1.05. Shade for 38c 1,000 A 75c Salt and Decorated Peppers, worth China Cus-5c, our pidor for price 1c. A \$15 A \$4.00 Coal Oil Magnificent Cabinet cook Silk Lamp stove 2 burn-Shade for ers closing \$1.75. out at \$8,45. A 4-gal. A 20c Japanese Water Cooler worth \$250 our Towel price \$1.20. Splasher for 9c Tea Can-A 250 Ice Chisel, 25c, our for 13c. price 13c Clothes Ladders Horses Rousing

TOLD OUT OF COURT. A recent opinion says that passengers on an electric railway "are not to be delayed by every person who ventures to test the nerve of a horse or mule by driving along the same street."

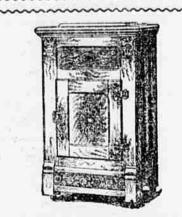
A judge of one of our highest courts writing about a case selected for L. R. A. mentions the fact that the decision has just been followed in another state, and says:
"The—case draws its argument and law from
our decision, but carefully omits to mention
our case. It reminds me of the spirit which
prompts the omission of credit to your books
where it is further doe." where it is justly due.

An opinion of the supreme court of Vermont advices the Green Mountain boys in this way: "It is not criminal according to law to sell an interest in a patent. It is not criminal, though generally it is intensely for lish to buy such an interest—especially of the amount-tongued, blandly impudent tascals, who throng the country and play ascale who throng the country and play Heathen Chines upon rustic greed for money, to be made by short cut, instead of being carned by plodding and honest industry in accustomed pursuits,'

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ing this week a \$10.50 carriage at one-half regular price, \$5.25.

## THE STORY'S SEQUEL.

A Decoration Day Happening-By Gerald Brenan,

(Copyright, 1996, by the Author.) "Tell us the story, grandfather," The speaker was a little maiden, flaxenhaired and rosy-cheeked, one of a party which had gathered beneath the shade of a sheltering maple, in the heart of the great ellent cemetery. It was Decoration daythat unique festival upon which the nation yearly become its dead defenders; and every member of the group carried some

procession with smiles, bright or statul and one spectator especially stared as and that he drew the colonel's kindly eyer is his direction. This was a lad of 12 of thereabouts, pale and piched of face, with wrenth or floral token, with which to decorate the graves of departed soldier friends. tall, grizzied veteran with medals on his flowers. Perhaps he has got some relative upon the different graves. This is Old Sol But the boy, as though distribution. diers' section of the cemetery, you know; and every tomb covers the boly of some brave fellow . By the way, yonder is a grave without any tombstone—not a new grave either. I wonder who he is that he

neath. He pointed toward where, near the con-fine of the Old Soldiera' section, a humble mound of earth marked the last resting place of some warrior less fortunate than his fel

"Come, children," continued Colonel Flanders (such were his name and rank), "I have a fancy to lay an offering on that poor, de scrtel grave. If any wreaths are left when we have decorated the tember of my dear comrades, we must bring them over there. Who knows but that some gallant lad lies

Who knows but that some gallant lad lies beneath that nameless grave?"
"But the story, grandfather! Teil us the story as we go along." insisted the fiaxen-locked little woman, who had first spoken.
Colonel Flanders shrugged his shoulders, still broad and straight, as in campaigning days. He knew that it was useless to contend against this tyrant in short dresses; and so, as they wandered from menument to monument, leaving here a wreath and there a

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WE ROLLED OVER THE ESCARPMENT down the gravel walk. Colonel Flanders sighed and continued his story. RESCUING THE FLAG. "It was at the siege of Vicksburg," he said, "and the fighting was fast and furious.

I think I never, before or since, saw war in all its terror, or in all its glery, as at that slege \* \* \* We had captured a confederate fort, and sheld it from 10 in the ing until 4 in the afternoon; with shot and shell rattling about us from a dozen different directions. At 4 o'clock the confederates came down upon us in force. Our men fought like the staunch hearts they were: but we could do naught against numbers, and were finally, after a desperate struggio driven out of our position, and back to the federal lines. It was only when we rallied —with half of our men dead or missing that a discovery was made, dire beyond tell-

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Students' Rockers. dush or corduray, forth \$18,00, our news ing to the soldier's car. Our colors—the tattered flag which had waved all day over the
fort—were in the hands of the enemy. You
have no idea, my dears, of the disgrace
brought by the less of the disgrace
brought by the less of the results and Flaxen-hair gripped closer her grand—
sire's sword-hand as though in consolation.
THE LOWLY GRAVE.

THE LOWLY GRAVE.

During the story they had made a comFlanders; and the box in a narrows and the box in a narrows and the box. brought, by the loss of his regimental colors, upon the soldier. Some of our mon, when they heard the news, actually sat down and wept like babies; others went almost mad, and wanted to storm the fort then and there. But wiser counsels prevailed; and finally a man volunteered to ellp back into the fertility. inder cover of darkness, and, if possible, reover the fine.

"That man was you, grandfather, wasn't

"That man was you, grandfather, wash's it?" asked little flaxen-hair.

The colonel nodited his head gravely. "Yestwas I," he said. "There were many-younteers; but I was chosen for the attempt. At nightfall accordingly I slipped past the sentries, and by crouching behind mounde and even creeping among the dead bodies on the hattlefield I succeeded in passing the enemy's pickets and reaching the ditch, below the escarpment of the fort. Here I lay for some moments listening to the steady training of a sentinel on the escarpment above. Then, knowing that quickness of action was every-

of a sentinel on the escarpment above. Then, knowing that quickness of action was everything, I clambered up the bank, hand overhand, and relied into the fert. Forunately I fell upon a pile of sacking, so that my fall did not disturb the sentry, whose gray-coated back I saw in the moonlight at some distance. \* \* \* in that quick look around I saw something else as well. Our dear flag had not even been torn from the staff to which it was nalled, but still hung there (awaiting orders from headquarters, no doubt) with the confederate colors flaunting above it. with the confederate colors flaunting above it

• • • It took me just a minute to dark
across the enclosure and wrench both flags our own and our enemy's—from the pole Then I sprang behind a broken gun carriage ust as the sentry turned and begun his re-

urn beat. I can tell you, my dears, that your of grandfather's heart heat a tattoo on his ribs while that centry was passing. Would he see me? Would he notice the absence of the flags? Fortunately he did neither. He was not a very good sentry, that one; for he never looked up as he paced along the

"When I thought I might venture forth, arcse and ran in a stooping position for the breastworks. My foot was on the escarp ment-in another instant I should have sli triumphantly into the ditch; when—the sen try turned. Down I ducked behind the friendly pile of sacking. But my movements were hardly quick enough. Clearly the sen try had seen something suspicious; for he try had seen something suspicious; for he retraced his fcotsteps and came toward me. What was to be done? My mind was made up in a trice. I measured the approaching man in the dim light, and saw that he was the contraction of the contraction. of slender build—a mere boy in my hands. Then, as he reached the heap of sacks, I suddenly leaped up and grappled with him. It took less time than I spend in telling yo to wrest the bayonet out of his hands.

Just as he recovered nerve enough to shout I threw one arm over his mouth and clutching him around the body with the other, we relied over the escarpment and fell side by ride into the ditch. He was underneath. The fall stunned him; and as he lay with expressionless eyes staring up at the starry heavens, I saw his face for the first time-!" "And-and you knew who he was?" cagerly

"My dear," said the colonel with a rather sad smile—"you know the story by heart •
• Yes, you are right; I saw who my prisoner was, the moment I looked into his face. There he lay, at the feet of the escarp-ment, dressed in the gray uniform of the confederates-my own brother Jack, the son of my father's house, my echoolfellow and playfellow since babyhood, and now, by stern

fate, my fee! "There was no time to be lost. Even for my brether, I could not wait; so I took out the brandy flask that the captain of our company had slipped into my pocket, and la'd it in his nerveless fingers. Then, just as I was about to go, I remembered the con-federate flag which I carried. There was no federate flag which I carried. There was no absolute need for me to bring back those close; and if they were missed, it might go hard with the sentry on duty. My object after all, was only to recover our own flag; and I took the rebel stars and laid them on Jack's breast. Then I forced some of the brandy between his teeth, and, without waiting for the regult, ran, with all speed towards the federal lines. Luck was with me to the

last, and I escaped scot free, to receive a great ovation in our camp. They made me a captain for that night's work." "And Uncle Jack-what became of him?" queried Flaxen-hair.
"He must have recovered; for I saw his name in the confederate reports many time

and in the contentate reports a severely fifterward. Finally he was severely wounded, and left the army. Notwithstanding all my researches I have never been able to trace him. When my father died he shared his property between Jack nd myself. I set to work by every means in my power to find the lost brother. Per-eonals in newspapers, paid agents, and the like, all failed to discover his whereaboute. Whether or not he is ashamed of the side he took in the war, I cannot say. Perhaps the poor fellow died of his wounds, long ago. Heaven alone knows, where he is

The colonel ceased, and silently deffed his slouch-hat, as though to the memory of his brother. All the children sighed in chorus;

During the story they had made a complete round of the soldiers' section; and were once more nearing that pertion of the cemetery from which they had started. Many a tomb atone bore remembrances of the children's love, and the colonel's kindly completely.

'And now, grandfather," said little Flaxenhair, "how about the grave without any stone over it. I've kept a real nice cross for

"You are a thoughtful little law," an-"You are a thoughtful little laws, an-experted the colonel, "and the 'real nice cross' shall be laid on the grave without delay, \* \* \* But stay! What is the meaning of the excitement youder?"

the excitement yonder? Under the maple tree, and quite close to the nameless grave for which Flaxen-hair had reserved a cross, a small crowd was gathered. As the colonel and his convey of boys and girls approached they saw that it surrounded two persons—the one an irste man in the uniform of a cemetery warden—the other a small boy. An exclamation escaped from Colonel Flanders when he recognized in the boy, the same tale, ill-cladurchin, whom he had nottleed on the path, earlier in the afternoon. The cemetery official was clutching the lad by the shoulder, an our worthy veteran, bidding Flaxen-hair and her companions stay where they were, and her companions stay where they were, hurried through the cordon of onlockers and gained the culprit's side.

gained the culprit's side.

The brass-buttoned warden recognizing in Colonel Flanders one of the cemetery governing board, saluted respectfully.

"This boy has been pulling flowers from the shrubs and creipers," he explained. "I caught him in the act."

THE PRISONER. The colonel looked at the boy. "Come my ad," he said, "how does this happen? Have ou any excuse for destroying the shrubs?" Up to this the little prisoner had beene up-bravely, and even sulkily; but the gentle-ness of the newcomer's tone and manner proved too much for him. "I w-was picking to this the little prisoner has berne up voracious first catcher is the pike ices of the newcomer's tone and manner proved too much for him. "I wewas picking few flowers for father's grave," he said.

laxed his grip on the boy's ragged collar.
"Where is your father's grave?" asked the

Toars welled into the little fellow's brown

pearance before the cemetery governors

'My dear," he whispered, "this lad's father

lies in the nameless grave yonder. Won't you give him that 'real nice cross' of yours to lay on the spot?"

Without hesitation Flaxen-hair handed the cross to the shrinking boy. "Put it on your father's grave," she said; "we were keeping it for him all the day."

When the simple ceremony of decorating the grave by the maple tree had been completed Colonel Flanders began to question the brown-eyed boy in his quiet, kindly way. 3—Youths—The Story's sequel
"What regiment did your father belong to?" he saked

'He-he wasn't a union soldier at all,

But you shan't say a word against him' (this with a flash from the dark eyes). "H

was a good man, my daddy. Even though

ou are kind to me, you shan't say a word

oim," answered the colone earnestly, 'Many brave and noble men fought for the south.

'Heaven forbid that I should speak against

· · What was your father's name, my

Quick as a flash the answer-came; and the

stammered the lad.
"Not a union soldier?"

No; he fought for the couth,

toward the simple

ctonel.

eyes, as he pointed

children had noticed.

ucking the flowers.

daxen-bair stood.

"That's the grave." culdn't buy a tembstone.

The coincidence keenly Flanders, Hastily he told

mound of grassy turf, the same

'His name was Flanders John Seaton anders;' and the boy, to a paroxysm of Why grandfather!" exclaimed Flaxen-hair

"that was Uncle Jack's name! Answering never a word, with an arm about the weeping boy, the old soldier knelt by the grave of his confederate brother.

PIKE HINTERS. How Birds Are Captured by the Fish

Hounds of the Sen.
It is a common saying that birds go a fishing, but it is not generally known that very often the case is reversed and the birds supposed to be the enemies of the fishes are caught in the totte.

Several years upo, when fishing off the Matte coast, the writer observed what the fishermed called the running of the dug-fish. One day the fishing for cost, hake and haddock was excellent; the following morn-ing it had stopped as suddenly as though a command to all the fishing tribe had been sened by Neptune.

issued by Neptune.

The explanation was that an army of small sharks, swimming in from the unknown depths of the sea, had driven away all the edible fish. This horde was so starved and ravenous they were a menace to life. If anything were thrown into the water they rushed to the spot; bit at the oars and sails that dragged overboard and devoured everything eatable that appeared. The guils and other birds which were in the habit of alighting on the water now became victims. Seving on the water now became victims. Several were seen to suddenly disappear, jerked down from below to be torn in pleces by these hounds of the sea. In some instances a bird would escape with the loss of a leg. and doubtiess numbers were caught by the voracious fish.



WITH ONE ARM ABOUT THE WEEPING

BOY THE OLD SOLDIER KNELT BY THE GRAVE. the brood. The pike attains a large size and has been known to attack good-sized birds, even loons, though whether it could successwhich the colonel and his grandfully carry away so large a bird is doubtful.

A naturalist was once watching a pool that was surrounded by willows whose graceful foliage fell over the water, casting deep affected Colonel Flanders. Hastily he told the warden that he would be responsible for the boy's apshadows. Dragon flies and other insects were darting about at the surface, and coursing back and forth, following them in their next meeting, to answer the charge of turn, were a number of swallows, which now and then touched the water as they plucking the flowers.

"Very well, colonel," said the relieved official, letting the boy go free. "To tell the truth I just hate to make a charge against him. I'm a veteran myself, you see."

The spectators applauded heartily as Colonel Flanders, taking the boy's hand, led him across the greensward toward where darted at some insect. Suddenly, without warning, from the dark pool the hidden observer saw a huge pike leap at one of the birds, the latter barely escaping by a quick movement, while the fish fell hoavily late the water. Again it tried to eatch one of the swallows, then gave up the attempt.

Another observer was fishing in a small lake when he noticed not far away three young sand martins sitting on a-limb just over the water, the mother fluttering about them, enterworing to induce them to ily. All at once an enormous pike dashed out of the water and seized one of the birdlings from the limb, the poor mother during about in the greatest alarm. Soon came another leap, and in less than half an hour this voracious fish had carried off the three yong birds.

F. C. HÖLDER.

SAVED A LIFE.

Brave Deed of Two Little Maids in Alameda, a suburb of Oakland, Cal., is at present much excited over federal refusal to reward Dora Patterson and Vida McKean, two little girls who recently, at the imminent peril of their own lives, saved that of John Baker, an old clam digger. The children were sitting on the beach when they heard a cry for help. The appeal came from Baker, who had accidentally stepped into some soft who had accidentally stepped into some soft mud, in which he was buried up to his shoulders. The tide was coming in rapidly, and they saw that in a few minutes Baker would be drowned. There was not time for assistance, so the two children set about saving him themselves. Exerting all of their strength they managed to tear from a fence a board, which, with a "one, two, three," they threw to Baker. The old man seized it just in time and managed to hold his mouth above water until the little rescuers ran for a line, which had been left some distance away on the beach. The rope was so short that one of the children had to wade into the muddy water up to her waist before being able to throw him the waist before being able to throw him the end. Then the other child clasped her around the waist and with all their strength both began to pull. The old man was at his last gasp almost when the children's efforts released him from the mud. Then it was comparatively an easy matter to pull him to shore. By this time, however, the children were themselves beginning to sink in the mud. Had they remained a few momenta longer they and the old man would have been drowned.

been drowned.
Congressman Hilborn of California called the attention of President Cleveland to the matter and was referred to the treasury life saving bureau. There it was decided that the case did not come under the law providing that medals shall be given to life-savers. Efforts are now being made to after the law in such a manner as to cover the case. Meantime, a public subscription is on foot at Alameda, and even should congress fail to act the little life-savers are sure of suitable reward. reward.

TODAY.

T. B. Aldrich.
I'll not confer with Sorrow
Till tomorrow.
But Joy shall have her way
This very day.

Ho, egiantine and cresses For her tresses! Let Care, the beggar, wait Outside the gate.

Tears if you will-but after Mirth and laughter; Then, folded hands on breast And endless rest.

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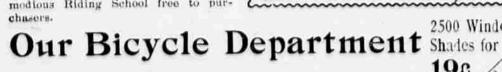












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